

# Answer



*Business Men's Fellowship International*

- **Have you said, "I can't go on"?** p.2
- **What is the measure of a man?** p.5
- **Where can despair lead you?** p.8
- **Are you in a risky business?** p.11



*THE JERRY PESKETT STORY*  
*Arthur, Ontario, Canada*

## Cling to the Life Giver

**A**s I dragged myself out of bed one morning, a single question floated through my mind: *what's the use?*

Six weeks earlier my wife had left me, the latest incident on our merry-go-round of alcohol-fueled fights and separations. Though hung over, I saw clearly that ending my life felt less painful than continuing.

"What's the use of living?" I declared to the bathroom mirror. "I can't go on."

With that statement, I grabbed a razor blade from the medicine chest and slit my wrists. As blood spurted, I fell to the floor and quickly lost consciousness.

However, this wasn't my time to die. Within minutes, a friend of my wife's — she had been on a trip and didn't know about our split — walked in to say hello. She frantically called for an ambulance.

Since I refused to check myself into the psychiatric ward, authorities made the decision for me. I spent the next seven weeks there.

About once a week I would see a doctor for 20 minutes. Mostly they just gave me medication to keep me under control. That kept me from thinking too much about my painful past.

Growing up in Ottawa, Ontario, I was raised by parents who were life-long alcoholics. After seeing what a mess it made of their lives, I vowed to never get trapped in that cycle.

However, that resolve faded after I enlisted in the Navy at 18. Still, I gradually realized that I was doing too much bar-hopping and partying with my buddies. So after my three-year term ended, I refused to extend the enlistment.

I thought by getting away from the circumstances, I would be okay. Instead, I took myself along.

Eventually, I married the woman I had lived with during my Naval service. Our union was doomed from the start. Married too young, when disagreements cropped

up, I acted just like my parents by escaping in a bottle. My wife coped by periodically running away.

While it took years to stop this self-destructive pattern, I got a start in that hospital. Group therapy especially helped. As I listened to how others had wound up there, I started to open up and become less selfish.

Previously, I had been so focused on myself I didn't realize there were many other people who were hurting. Now, I thought, "Boy, compared to them, I don't have any problems."

Unfortunately, I didn't learn enough about the hazards of alcohol. Not only did I have a genetic weakness towards it, constant use increased my bouts with depression.

Although my wife had returned while I was still in the hospital, she left again six months later. Because I pegged my self-esteem and value to her, her absence plunged me back into despair.

This time, I decided to go after her. My search led me to the east coast – and the edge of death again.

One evening I walked onto a bridge connecting Halifax and Dartmouth, the two largest cities in Nova Scotia. As I considered the bleak prospects of finding my wife, hopelessness washed over me. Sinking deeper into depression, I climbed down on the girders beneath the road and prepared to jump.

In a flash, a battle of cosmic

proportions erupted.

As I breathed deeply and tried to find the courage to jump, a man on a Navy ship in the harbor beneath shouted encouragement.

"Go ahead!" he screamed. "Do it!"

I felt a pull towards the water. Life looked so bleak. The idea that I could end it all with a quick leap never looked so appealing. I had no joy in life and couldn't imagine finding any.

Suddenly, another call came from above: "Don't!"

I looked up. Seeing my predicament, someone had halted all traffic on the bridge. Beckoning to me was a Salvation Army officer.

My mind was so fuzzy that I can't remember his exact words. But as he leaned over and spoke words of comfort, I sensed a glimmer of hope. As this spark grew stronger, my will to live overcame the desire to die.

Once I decided to try life again, I froze. Although I had scurried around on the girders for 20 minutes, now I recognized the danger. Nearly paralyzed, I had to be talked back to the surface inches at a time.

Back to a psychiatric hospital I went, again for seven weeks.

A key event took place there. One day, after a therapist gave me some standard personality tests, she said, "You know, Jerry, you have the ability to do anything you want to do. You can be anything you want to be. But you suffer from low self-esteem."



**It took years to  
stop this  
self-destructive  
pattern...**

Those words were like a light bulb flashing inside my head. I realized that was the story of my life. The reason I had liked the fog of alcohol was that it allowed me to be anyone I wanted to be and do whatever I wanted.

And now, someone else saw potential in me. That felt like a booster shot of hope being injected into my arm.

Still, there would be more obstacles to overcome, including the collapse of my marriage.

Despite the problems it caused, I foolishly kept drinking. That is, until a co-worker invited me to a “12-Step” program for those struggling with alcohol.

This wasn’t his first invitation. This guy would see me hung over some mornings and kept bugging me to go until I surrendered.

Honestly facing the truth at that meeting, I took another step forward. I realized there were numerous people who struggled with the impact of liquor.

The image of a guy clutching a bottle in a brown paper sack while lying in the gutter only represents about five percent of problem drinkers. The rest are like I was, steady workers whose lives quietly fall apart in private.

As I heard how others found victory over alcohol, I saw that my life didn’t have to be filled with misery. I also found more personal fulfillment after marrying my second wife.

However, despite this happy step and gaining my sobriety, I just couldn’t find lasting peace at those 12-step meetings. Instead, the answer came from discovering the true Higher Power. His name is Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

I heard about Him the night I went to a meeting sponsored by some Christian businessmen. The speaker was an infamous Canadian bank robber who told how God had dramatically ended his life of crime.

His talk gave me food for thought. The following month I returned to that meeting. The peace I saw in the people and their stories of the difference God made in their lives convinced me.

That day I decided to follow Jesus. Everything changed for the better. More than 14 years have passed, and I see my decision to accept Christ as a life-saving one. After twice flirting with death, I count every day with God as a bonus.



*Jerry Peskett is the owner of Second Cup in Guelph, Ontario, part of a nationwide chain of coffee shops. He is a member of the Listowel Chapter of BMF and the leader of Alcoholics for Christ in Grand Valley, Ontario. He and his wife, Ann, have three children and three grandchildren. They attend Central Pentecostal Church.*



*THE DOUG MAZZA STORY*  
*Woodland Hills, California, USA*

# *The Blessing of Ryan*

**H**art pounding, I looked at the doctors surrounding my son. Tapping one on the shoulder, I asked, “How is he?”

“I need to talk to you down the hall,” he replied.

Once we reached a private room, tears pooled in the surgeon’s eyes.

“There comes a time when medical science has done all it can do,” he said. “For Ryan, that time has come. I don’t see how he can possibly live more than two or three days.”

I always knew this was coming. Now that it was here I didn’t know what to think. Or say. This lack of control bothered me. I loved calling the shots.

One doesn’t become an executive vice president of a multi-million-dollar corporation at 39 without buying into the world’s ways. When the world told me the more power you grabbed, the more successful you would be, I believed it.

As the senior executive for American Suzuki Motor Corporation, I was responsible for the marketing plan that launched Suzuki automobiles and SUV’s in the United States.

From there I would become the senior most American executive at another, larger automobile manufacturer. I had grabbed all the gusto and perks that come with business achievement.

However, none of that could prevent my world from turning upside down when our third son, Ryan, was born with a rare disease--Crouzon Pfeiffer Syndrome.

Early in fetal development the sutures – or “soft spots” – in the head fuse together. This prevents the brain and facial structure from developing. It often causes stillbirth.

However, in Ryan’s case, one suture remained open in his forehead. His brain grew by pushing forward; at birth his brain was encased in front of his head. His eyes were out of their sockets, cheekbones

pushed apart and upper jaw dislocated.

When I first saw Ryan, shock covered my face. Picking up our son and turning away, the doctor said, “I’m sorry.”

Born in great pain, Ryan would endure more over the next three years. In three of his 13 operations, surgeons cut him from ear to ear and removed bone to try shaping a normal skull.

At six months old, Ryan went blind because of a bone pinching his optic nerve. Although doctors corrected that, later he would lose his sight forever.

During his first three years, our son equally divided his time between our home and hospitals. But the worst was yet to come.

It started the day we were together at home. As I cradled Ryan in my arms, he suddenly reached for me and stopped breathing.

Although I yelled out, “Call 911!” I decided not to wait on the ambulance. Putting him in the car, I raced for the hospital, relieved to see his chest moving. However, after we arrived, he reached for me and again stopped breathing.

Putting my head back, I cried, “Oh, my God. Don’t let this little boy die in my arms!”

Ryan survived. But after a night in the hospital, a doctor warned, “The attacks will get stronger. One will take his life.”

Two weeks later I got a call at work to come to the hospital. After I rushed there, that surgeon gave me the dreaded news

that opened this story: Ryan only had a few days to live.

I vowed to spend three days in a round-the-clock vigil. I can testify that no matter your perceived strength nobody is created to withstand such pressure under his or her own power. Anyone who tries will experience incredible failure.

Ultimately, I teetered on the edge of mental and emotional exhaustion. During the third day, Ryan emerged from a short coma. He looked at me. When our eyes met, we communicated, as parents and children can, through time and space.

Ryan couldn’t talk, but his eyes looked into me and I could see what he was saying.

He was saying, “Dad, help me. You’re the highest power I know. I don’t know anybody more powerful than you. You’re the one who told me I was going to be okay.

Help me.”

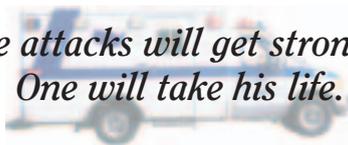
My heart broke. For the first time in my life I had to acknowledge my powerlessness.

Drawing close to his ear, I said, “Ryan, I can’t help you any more. But Jesus Christ is going to take care of you now.”

Now, I was not a spiritual giant. Although I grew up attending church, I never knew what it meant to have a personal relationship with Jesus. I believed He was the Son of God. But He wasn’t at the center of my life.

That all began to change this day. When I surrendered my son to Christ, I felt

*The attacks will get stronger.  
One will take his life.*



an incredible relief. I walked out of the hospital a different man.

That night as I napped at home, the phone rang at about 10 o'clock. Fearing bad news, I didn't pick it up until the fifth ring. It was a nurse in the intensive care unit.

"Mr. Mazza, I don't know how to tell you this," she said. "But I had my back to Ryan and I heard a noise behind me. I turned around and he was standing up on his bed, smiling at me."

"How could that be?" I thought. Ironically, although I had prayed for years for a miracle with our son, now that it had happened I didn't recognize it!

Yet, I would come to believe that God had responded to my submission to His will in the statement I had made to Ryan. Jesus Christ had taken care of him and He wanted us to know it. Gradually, we saw God's presence everywhere.

I can't say my life changed immediately. I've learned that faith is a journey, a process of moving from dependence on self to trusting in God. But I came to appreciate God's enormous power to direct the world.

I started attending church again. There I met men who had a peace and a contentment that was worth more than a six-figure salary. They prayed for me and comforted me in a way that I never found in the executive suite.

I knew I needed that in my life. Finally, one day I got down on my knees and said, "Jesus, I need You in my life."

Once I surrendered my life to Christ, things improved dramatically. I saw that a life of true success was a life filled with significance – of service to others – is the

best of achievements.

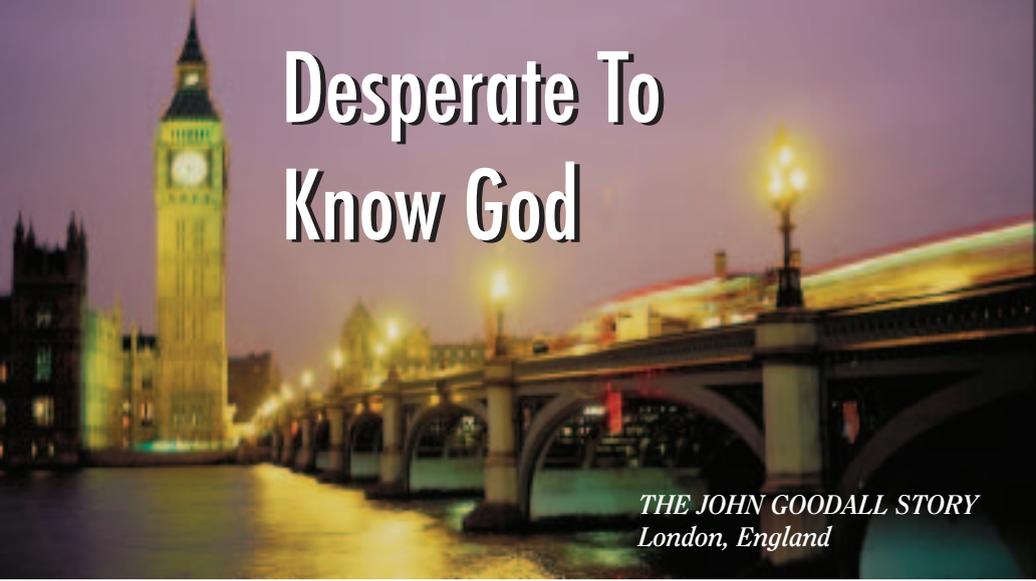
From a worldly "corporate" perspective it took a long time to understand how Ryan's life could have any value. Today I see our 27-year-old son as a mentor. He is blind, disabled and weighs just 90 pounds. But when I read the bible to Ryan he smiles all the way through and I can see his joy is complete. I feel I'm never closer to God than when I'm with him.

Like so many, I have often asked "why?" Finally, God gave me His answer: "I love your son even more than you do. I created him. And I have cried with you when you sought My comfort. But if you have faith in Me, I will use his life and your body for My special purpose."

That is the blessing Ryan brings to our family.



*Doug Mazza capped his automotive career as Chief Operating Officer of Hyundai Motor America. In January of 2004 he became President of Joni and Friends, which serves disabled people across the world. He and his wife, Lorraine, attend Agoura Bible Fellowship.*



# Desperate To Know God

*THE JOHN GOODALL STORY*  
*London, England*

When I left my small hometown on the south coast of England for medical school in London, visions of grandeur danced through my mind.

My mother had always wanted me to be a doctor or dentist. My grandfather worked as a pharmacist and our family always had a high regard for medicine. We recognized doctors never go hungry or struggle to find a spouse.

The product of solid, middle-class parents, I considered myself wise about worldly matters. But what I discovered my third year of medical training left me on the verge of insanity.

My problem originated with a two-month residency in psychiatric training. It included clerking sessions with long-term patients. Since releasing such people into community settings hadn't occurred yet, some were locked up in stifling wards laden with tobacco smoke.

Two cases made a particularly deep impression on me.

The first involved a man suffering from manic depression. Often dressed in a tweed jacket and cravat, he obviously came from the upper middle class. Although incoherent, thanks to medication, he could speak fluently on many occasions.

Initially, I enjoyed these sessions. This man loved talking about himself, so it wasn't a challenge to converse. These and other periods of easy communication convinced me to consider psychiatry as a career. Not just because of the ease, but also for the lucrative income.

However, as I got deeper into my residency, I grew quite unsettled. The dividing line between madness and normalcy seemed quite close.

Coming to terms with the real world after a sheltered upbringing, this proved to be a very confusing time. Since I also had no appreciation of the spiritual dimension

of life, I felt inadequate and vulnerable.

Gradually, uncertainties welled up inside. This was not the comfortable world of science or the finite boundaries of mathematics.

Near the end of my stay, I treated a 26-year-old man with schizophrenia. I struggled with profound gloom over his desperate lot in life.

Shut away from the world and constantly drugged up, he had no chance of experiencing love. He lived to sleep and smoke. If he wasn't puffing on one, he was badgering staff, other patients or visitors for a cigarette.

I can't explain what happened, other than I think some kind of spiritual transference took place in this depressing environment.

These troubling thoughts continued to plague me when school let out for the summer. To make matters worse, I developed tinnitus (ringing in the ears). All this combined to put stress on my family relationships and push me to the edge of despair when we went on vacation.

Ironically, the consultant who evaluated my work had given me straight A's. One day, I thought of calling him to admit that I needed psychiatric treatment, too.

What a disgrace for a member of an intelligent family and a distinguished medical school! This potential embarrassment kept me from placing that call. Instead, a mysterious urge overcame me to peddle my bike to the nearest parish

church.

I knew little about God. I had briefly attended an Anglican school as a boy and recognized some of those people had admirable qualities. But now I desperately needed to know God in a personal way.

Kneeling in front of the altar on a cold stone floor, I looked up at the stained glass window depicting Jesus Christ. Then, bowing my head, I cried out, "Help me!"

Within a few seconds, it felt like a flow of peace had been released inside me.

Opening my eyes, I walked out of the church. As I stepped into the sunlight, I knew I had been released from that vortex of despair.

Soon after this, the ringing in my ears stopped. I felt renewed strength return. When the fall term resumed, I eagerly returned to London.

I wish I could say this amazing experience turned my life around. But it didn't. Drifting back into my freewheeling lifestyle, my focus returned to women and alcohol.

Not only did I enjoy both, the sexually-tinged pubs were an antidote to the increasing stress of long hours on duty and a failure to develop my own identity.

This lifestyle continued throughout six years of surgical training. But as I approached 30, I grew more aware of the destructive nature of multiple relationships.

Finally, one night I fell to my knees again, this time in my bachelor flat in Brighton.

"Lord, please send me the right wife," I pleaded.

*But now I  
desperately  
needed to  
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a personal  
way.*

Amazingly, God again heard my prayer, even though I wasn't following Him in my daily life. A year later, during routine work between surgical exams, I met a lovely lady named Bridget.

On our first date, over a plate of spaghetti, she said, "You need to know that my faith is very important to me."

Being the rascal I was, I assured her the same was true for me. Within a few months we were engaged, and we married the following spring.

I may have been trying to fool God, but He knew my heart. While attending confirmation classes to join the Anglican church, the truth hit me between the eyes: Jesus is the Son of God. He died on the cross in my place. By believing in Him I could live forever with my heavenly Father.

What a change deciding to follow Christ made! Soon I was praying for all of my patients. Exciting things happened as I turned over my life and my medical practice to God.

One of many examples: I was summoned to a ward one day by an irate patient. In his early 50s, this man complained a leg I had operated on was too long. Yet I felt certain that after his hip replacement both legs were the same length.

All the way there I prayed in the power of the Holy Spirit, knowing that Romans 8:26 promises He will pray for us when we don't know what to say. When I got there, no doubts remained in my mind.

Taking a tape measure from the nurse who met me, I measured the patient's legs as I reassured him everything was okay. Indeed, his legs were the same length.

Another time as I neared the end of a long day at the clinic, an angry-looking

man pushed a woman into the room in a wheelchair. He complained his wife had incurable back pain; several other specialists had been unable to help her.

When I offered to perform one further test, he turned on me in an accusing manner.

"What are you going to do – pray?"

Realising how desperate they were, I said, "Yes, that's what we'll do. Pray!"

"You will have a job," he sneered. "We're atheists."

Grabbing their hands, I said, "Dear God, who does not exist (for them), please touch Martha. In Jesus' name, amen."

Within minutes, this woman burst into tears. She stood up and exclaimed all her pain was gone. I wasn't shocked. The same God who had removed my depression wishes that none should perish. He demonstrates the power in His Name so that people may choose life in Him.



*A fellow with the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, John Goodall works in West London hospital amid a multi-ethnic community. The former president of the West Ealing Chapter, he helped start a new BMF chapter recently in northwest London. He and his wife, Bridget, have one daughter and attend Christ Church in Roxeth.*

# Better than Luck



## *THE MEL TOMBRE STORY* *Savage, Montana USA*

**T**he early August storm blew up without warning. The afternoon atmosphere turned black as ear-splitting thunder crackled in the sky. I nervously eyed acre after acre of ripening pinto beans. Would the sweat my brother and I had invested in this year's crops get wiped out?

No sooner had I reached my tool shed than nature seemed to answer. Waves of walnut-sized hail poured from the sky. The deluge only lasted 15 to 20 minutes. It seemed like hours.

Afterwards, we surveyed the damage. The frozen balls had stripped bean plants clean of pods and leaves. Our alfalfa was hammered flat. Corn tassels dotted the ground.

The few acres of sugar beets we had planted to resume that part of our business looked frail. And from now until mid-September marked their peak growth time.

The next morning an insurance

adjuster responded to our call. After looking things over, he jotted a note on his clipboard.

"We'll leave it like this for a couple weeks," he nodded. "Then I'll come back and we'll determine the loss."

No matter how much money we received, it couldn't stop the rumbling pain in our stomachs. Gloom settled over my brother and me. As business partners, an unspoken question swirled in both our minds: "Are we supposed to even be here? Or should we do something else with our lives?"

If it was the latter, we weren't sure where to turn. No matter how risky, farming and livestock had been our life.

Born in Wyoming, at the age of five my family moved back to eastern Montana and settled on the land where I still live. Agriculture is the area's primary industry, one that has grown progressively tougher over the years.

But as a youngster, such concerns didn't matter to me. I wanted to grow up and carry on the family tradition.

The youngest of five sons, for a personal role model I looked to my third-oldest brother. He liked to smoke and drink. When I became a teenager, I took to those habits like a duck to a pond.

As the years passed, I treated life like one big party. When I finally got married in my mid-20s, I settled down – a little. Sure, I worked hard every day and wanted to take care of the three children that gradually arrived. But I still liked my partying.

I was also a big hypocrite. After spending Saturday night drinking, carousing and playing cards, every Sunday morning I went to church.

I saw nothing wrong with “religion.” It made me feel good for an hour each week and didn't interfere with my fun.

That all changed one March evening when a guest speaker visited. He was holding a week-long series of meetings. That was pretty unusual for our church. A large crowd turned out the first night.

As this man talked about the reality of God and His Holy Spirit, I marveled. I had never heard such honest talk.

“Being a church-goer, you figure you're going to heaven,” he said. “But it's what you do with Jesus that determines whether you go.”

Later, we went downstairs for

refreshments. When he invited anyone interested to go back upstairs and pray with him, only my wife and I responded. It's the best decision we ever made.

As our pastor looked on, this man talked about God as if He was his best friend. He explained that Jesus was God's Son. He came to forgive our wrongdoing and mistakes, known as sins. Believing in Him meant we could live with His Father forever.

Then he asked if we wanted to repeat a prayer with him. We nodded.

“Jesus, I'm sorry for my sins,” I said. “I receive You as my Lord and Savior.”

Doesn't sound too complicated. But those words changed me forever. Christ came into my heart and came alive in me.

In the past, if anyone asked me about Jesus, I would have mumbled something about going to church. Now I wasn't afraid to talk boldly about Him.

We also connected with others who believed more in Christ than playing church. That is one secret of staying committed to God. Others' emotional support and prayers will keep you from stumbling when life sends difficulties your way.

Besides fellowship with Christians, I spent a lot of time speaking to our heavenly Father, too.

We saw God answer so many prayers I've lost track of the number. But I'll never forget the time He healed my mother of



kidney problems that inflicted pains in her back. Or my brother's constant headaches, the result of war injuries.

One of the ways the Lord has proven that He is alive has been in our business. Like the miracle that followed that awful August thunderstorm.

When the adjuster returned two weeks later, he carefully surveyed our fields. At the end of his inspection, he projected our loss at 80 percent of expected yields. Soon we had a check.

The thing is, once the insurer calculated the loss, whatever we did with the crops was our business. So we left them in the ground and prayed. The typical mid-September frost was delayed and we wound up with a normal harvest.

There's a verse in the Bible (Deuteronomy 7:13) that says when we obey God, He will bless us and multiply the fruit of our land, grain, cattle and flocks. This isn't some fairy tale. We have seen it happen year after year.

Since so many Americans live in cities or urban areas now, many don't understand how tough it is to make a living farming. The costs and risks have gone so high that many shrug, "If we're not lucky, we won't get any earnings from our land."

For example, look at what happened with wheat. It used to bring \$5.50 to \$5.75 a bushel decades ago; today a bushel fetches less than \$3. Other crops have sunk in value while the costs to produce them have risen.

Add the skyrocketing cost of machinery, and the little guy struggles to make a living. Not that long ago, a

neighbor told me a new tractor cost him \$120,000, which was \$30,000 more than he had paid for his 80-acre farm.

To make it, we live carefully and don't buy new equipment.

However, there is another reason for our survival. Each spring, my brother, two sons and our wives gather to pray over our fields. We ask for fruitful crops and God's protection.

During the winter, we stay busy tending our cattle and cows. And we keep on praying, going around and laying hands on all our livestock. We ask God to keep them healthy and productive.

Unlike those folks who think they need "luck," we know better. We don't depend on luck, but on the One who sends the sun and rain that makes the crops grow. We couldn't ask for a better business Partner.



*Mel  
Tombre  
operates a  
1,300-acre  
farm, with  
750 acres  
dedicated  
to crops.*

*He is the President of the Sidney, Montana Chapter of Business Men's Fellowship. He and his wife, Irene, have three children and 11 grandchildren. They attend Yellowstone Community Church in Savage.*

*It's in Christ that  
we find out who we  
are and what we are  
living for.*

*Ephesians 1:11*  
*THE MESSAGE BIBLE*

# Christ is the ANSWER...He makes life worth living.

As you have been reading the stories of the lives of different people in this issue of *Answer Magazine*, you may have been thinking, "Is it possible for me to really know God and have peace in my heart?"

The answer to this question is "YES!" It is experienced by believing in God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and being born-again by His Spirit.

God loves you and He showed that love in sending His Son, Jesus, to die on the Cross to pay the penalty for your sins. He wants to bless your life and make it full and complete.

He not only offers you abundant life here and now, but a life which is eternal. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

Do you want to be born-again and receive the free gift of eternal life? If you do, then follow these steps:

1. ADMIT to God that you are a sinner and are separated from Him, and that only the Lord Jesus can save you. "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)
2. REPENT by turning away from sin and submitting to God. "I tell you... except you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:5)
3. BELIEVE that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the Cross and shed His blood to pay the price for your sins, that He was buried

and rose again. "If you will confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. (Romans 10:9)

4. ASK God to save you. "For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved." (Romans 10:13)

If you would like to accept Jesus into your life, and receive the free gift of eternal life, then pray this simple prayer out loud:—

*"Dear God, I come to You in the Name of Jesus. I now realize that I have a choice to make about my life. I believe that Jesus died for me, shed His blood to wash away my sins, and that He rose from the dead, making a way for me to have fellowship with You. I turn my back on the life I have lived without You, and I choose to follow Jesus from this moment on. I ask Jesus to be Lord of my life and to live in my heart. I thank You, Almighty God, that You love me, have forgiven me, and have accepted me as Your child, and that right now I am a new creation, born of God. Thank You Heavenly Father."*

When you have made this very important decision, please complete the form below and return it to the nearest National Service Center (listed on the back cover).

We will then send you further helpful information.

## *I wish to inform you of my decision to follow Jesus Christ*

*(Please print clearly)*

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Issue #070104

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